THE

PRIEST DISSECTED:

A POEM,

Addreſſed to the Rev. Mr. ———.

By the Author of the *NEW BATH GUIDE.*

CANTO I.

——— Quid me mihi detrahis, inquit,
Ah! piget, ah! non eſt, clamabat, Tibia tanti!

OVID. METAM.

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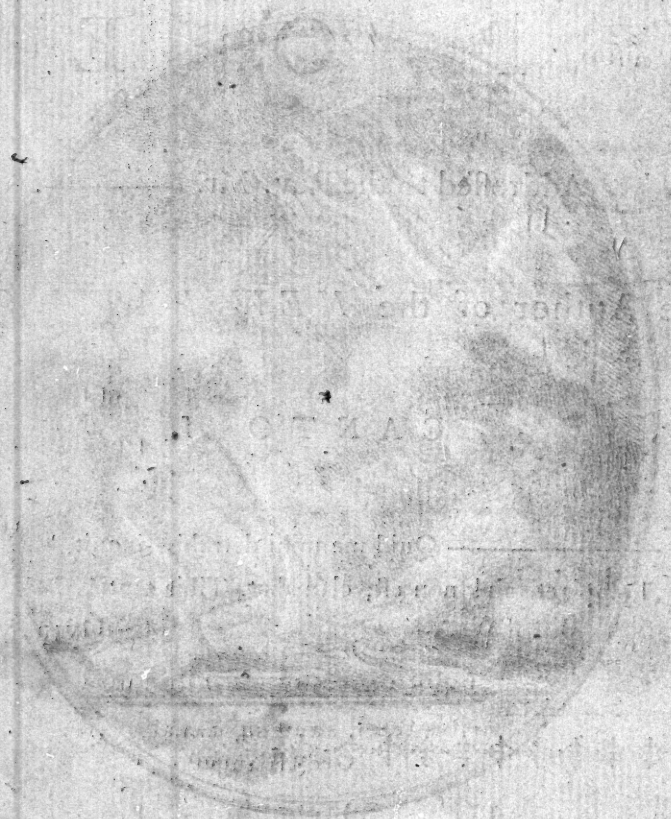

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THE

PRIEST DISSECTED:

A POEM,

Addreſſed to the Rev. Mr. ——,

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AUTHOR OF

REGULUS, TOBY, CÆSAR,

And other SATIRICAL PIECES in the public Papers.

Calm and ſerene amid the ſcorching Flame
The Hero tug'd——and out the Monſter came. Page 26.

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and HAZARD, at BATH.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Advertiſement to the Reader.

THE following ſtanzas were written on the eſtabliſhment of a poetical aſſembly in the neighbourhood of Bath; and as the ſole intention of them was to promote a little innocent mirth and pleaſantry, the author had the happineſs to find them very favourably received, as well by the lady to whom they were addreſſed, as the reſt of the party concerned; but ſhould not have thought them worthy of being ſubmitted in this manner to the peruſal of the public, had they not given occaſion to a very unjuſt and illiberal abuſe of him in the Bath Journal, and St. James's Chronicle, in certain pieces both in proſe and verſe; copies of which, together with the character of the

writer of them, will be introduced as ſubjects for anatomy in the courſe of the poem. As the author has detected the perſon who has taken ſuch unwarrantable liberties with him, and who appears to be one of whom at that time he had ſcarce a perſonal knowledge, and to whom he could have given no ſort of provocation, he flatters himſelf he ſhall be juſtified in the opinion of the public, in endeavouring to bring to poetical juſtice an old offender: as it may be the means of exonerating the news-papers of much illiberal and wicked abuſe, both on public and private characters, which this Reverend Gentleman aſſumes to himſelf the liberty of frequently inſerting, under the ſignatures of Regulus, Toby, Cæſar, Clericas, Amicus, Monitor, &c.

STANZAS

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY

Reading a very SATIRICAL COPY of VERSES

HIGHLY REFLECTING ON

Mrs. ******'s *Poetical-Aſſembly* at *Bath-Eaſton.*

—— Vocantis
Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
transfer in ædem.

HORAT.

To Mrs. ******.

HUSH'D be the envious tongues that dare
Bright ****** to profane
Thy hallow'd ſhades, where ſcience fair
Has fix'd her ſacred reign.

Ah! well I ween, detraction baſe
Provok'd their impious lay,
Some dæmon, that beſpeaks a race
Of vile Plebleian clay.

Who

Who ſhall arraign that bliſsful ſcene
Which Phœbus' ſelf approves?
For which the loves and beauty's queen
Forſake th' Idalian groves.

And ev'ry plant, and odorous flow'r
That ſips th' Aonian dew,
Tranſplanted from the muſe's bow'r
Reſerv'd its ſweets for you.

Where courtly dames in bright array,
Peers, knights, and ſtateſmen meet,
Contending all who firſt ſhall lay
Their offering at thy feet.

Where tender maids and youths repair
And court ſome muſe's aid
To ſpeak---what oft'---the ſtruggling tear---
And half-drawn ſigh betray'd:

With

With myrtles crown'd, (thy Guerdon fair,)
Their pleaſing taſk they bring,
And bleſt in tuneful bondage hear
*Thy golden fetters ring.

Aſſembl'd in thy vocal grove
All catch the ſpark divine,
Like Delphic nymphs, or prieſts of Jove
At fam'd Dodona's ſhrine.

Ah me!---how vain in youth and age
To till Parnaſſian ſoil!
How fruitleſs, o'er the claſſic page
To waſte the midnight oyl!

When you, to all your tuneful train
Can breathe the heav'nly flame,
And give to ev'ry rhyming ſwain
A POET'S SACRED NAME.

* Bouts rimés which are given out every week.

Teach lords and 'ſquires the lyre to ſound
And melt in amorous ſtrains,
Who erſt ſo loud with horn and hound
Alarm'd the peaceful plains,

Or temper'd well with gallant pride
The manag'd courſer's ſpeed,
But ne'er before preſum'd to guide
The muſe's dang'rous ſteed.

Inſpir'd by thee, without diſmay
The fiery horſe they mount,---
Mark! with what eaſe they wing their way
And ſpurn th' Aonian fount!——

Thrice happy bards, your lays prolong;
By your fond aid I deem,
Old Avon ſhall contend in ſong
With fair Caſtalia's ſtream;

While

While ſweeter than the notes that thrill
When dying ſwans complain
He hears each wood, each echoing hill
Reſound your warbling ſtrain,

And ſtarting from his dark abodes
In majeſty of mud
Views ſongs, rhymes, epigrams, and odes
Come tumbling down his flood.

PROLOGUE.

WOE! to the juſt occaſion that compels
My verſe to ſatire, when my ſoul rebels;
Muſt I, unſkill'd her angry bolts to fling,
Or draw fell poiſon from th' Aonian ſpring,
Muſt I, alas! the cruel taſk ſuſtain,
To ſeek my triumphs from another's pain?
I, who to grief the pitying tear can lend,
Or ſmile at folly, but would ne'er offend;

**Scribble*, ſometimes, life's burthen to forget,
But claim no empire *o'er the realms of wit;*
Nor damn'd with love of fame the muſe once more
Tempts me to viſit the Pierian ſhore;
But for HIS ſake, that dark ungenerous foe,
Who now commands th' unwilling verſe to flow;
Ill-judging prieſt! whoſe comminations dire
At once my laughter, and my rage inſpire;
Who vainly thinks the Chriſtian church aſſigns
Excluſive rights, to critical divines,
Claims ſome ſuperior priviledge to curſe,
And damns alike the poet and the verſe.

Yet *once* (he tells me) *with delight he view'd*
Each Roman genius in my verſe renew'd;

And

* The reader will pleaſe to obſerve that all the words which are printed in Italic characters throughout the whole poem, are the property of the prieſt.

And ſtill ſhall view, if ought of pedant lore
His claſſic palate can regale once more;
Yes---oft' I'll wander o'er the Latian plain
To charm his ears, (if yet his ears remain)
Who long has reign'd ſo bold an enterpriſer,
In Evening Poſt, and Public Advertiſer,
Manners and men condemns unknown, unheard,
And books of which he never read one word:
A robber worſe than Polypheme, or Cacus,
Who to the dungeon of the preſs can take us,
There on our mangled reputations dine,
As late, ſweet reader, he regal'd on mine;
Yet wonder not; ſince him alike to feed
*Peers, privy-councellors and judges bleed,
Sheriffs and members, while elections laſt,
And aldermen afford a rich repaſt;

On

* Vide Regulus. Publ. Adv. 1773 and 1774.

On *Galen's ſons he battens at his eaſe,
And roaſted Scotchmen never fail to pleaſe;
More ſavage now all pity can diſcard,
And, worſt of Cannibals, devours a bard.

Yet, O! fair ſun, thou golden lamp of day,
Who from ſuch banquet turn'ſt thine eyes away,
O! may this ſon of Pelops ne'er digeſt
The horrors of that dire inhuman feaſt;
Inſpire one ſpark celeſtial to my ſtrains,
To ſweat him firſt, then FLAY him for his pains!
And be it known to all that medling ſcum
Of ſcribbling prieſts to whom theſe preſents come,
Such as with wrath and Slander dare to ſwerve
From the mild precepts of the God they ſerve,
Thoſe baſe diſpenſers both of verſe and proſe,
That I by kind Thalia's grace propoſe,

With

* Vide Toby. Pub. Adv. March 1773.

With juſt reply this ſubject to correct,
Then duly FLAY'D, to open and diſſect,
That all may know, by viewing the deceas'd,
The parts component of a worthleſs prieſt——
Then when the muſe ſhall analyze his clay,
Th' untutor'd child, and hoary eld ſhall ſay,
" *Is THIS the Guide, to whom our ſouls are given,
" Shall ſcoundrel link-boys light the way to heaven:---
" Diſgrace to thoſe whom Providence deſign'd,
" With virtuous lives to teach and bleſs mankind?"

Bring forth this ſelf-made monarch of a day,
Who like Sicilian tyrants holds his ſway,
Yet to ſweet freedom's ever-ſoothing note,
Joins the harſh diſcord of his patriot throat,

* See Verſes addreſs'd to the Author, ſign'd Clericus. Bath Courant, July 10, 1773:—Of which more hereafter.

Levels his wrath at all who dare control
The fierce emotions of his free-born ſoul:
But why at me? whom far from party rage
No furious ſchemes of politics engage;
From wealth, from honours, and from courts remov'd
I've kept the ſilent path my genius lov'd,
And pity'd thoſe whom fortune oft' beguiles,
With flatt'ring hopes from falſe ambition's ſmiles;
Hence far from me the proſtituted hour
Of adulation baſe on pride or pow'r,
Hence (thanks to heav'n) I ne'er was doom'd to know
What bitter ſtreams from diſappointment flow:
Oh! bane of life's ſweet cup! you oft' compel
Your wretched victim in ſome lonely cell,
(Such as contains, I deem, that hapleſs bard
Who claims this inſtance of my juſt regard)

With

With ſoul that erſt to inſolence could cringe
To ſeek the means of impotent revenge;
Vile letters for vile printers to compoſe,
In one dull ſeries of perpetual proſe,
Or ſoaring on the muſe's eagle wings,
Abuſe alike all miniſters and kings:
Peace to ſuch ſcribes: from ſuch protect my name,
Whoſe praiſe is infamy, whoſe cenſure fame:

Nor ſhall it e'er in future times be ſaid,
(If e'er in future times my verſe be read)
That I (tho' fame applaud me to my wrong)
Stood forth the champion of HEROIC SONG,
Or once have felt, (ſo heav'n direct my ways)
The conſcious pang of ſelf-condemning praiſe;
Tho' but with ivy deck'd, without a frown
I can behold another's laurel crown,

Unfit

Unfit for me; who from the ſecret ſhade
Ne'er to the throne my humble muſe convey'd,
Ne'er dar'd at majeſty my jeſt to aim
Or ſport familiar with its ſacred name:
Oh no----could I the fragrant garland twine
Of ſweeteſt flow'rs that bloom round virtue's ſhrine,
To grace the huſband, father, and the man
Who lives and governs on the Chriſtian plan,
Pleas'd with mild arts his empire to improve,
Bleſt in his dear, and virtuous conſort's love,
Who 'mid the toils of ſtate his hours employs,
On ten ſweet pledges of connubial joys,
And gives to me (who equal numbers ſhare)
A bright example of paternal care-----
Then would I raiſe my feeble voice to ſing
My good, my honour'd, and my gracious King.

REPLY

REPLY

TO THE

Reverend Mr. ———.

——— *Quis*
Tam patiens——tam ferreus ut teneat ſe?
JUV.

AND what art thou! whoſe unprovok'd diſdain
Makes ME the ſubject of thy rancrous ſtrain?
With every talent that adorns at once
The pedant, coxcomb, ſlanderer, and dunce,

Say, could no civil, no religious broil
Employ the prieſt's, or politician's toil,
Could'ſt thou not find one object for thine hate,
One virtuous character in church or ſtate;
No harmleſs virgin to provoke thy wrath
'Mongſt all the fair inhabitants of Bath;
Not one poor native of the Scotian ſhore,
Unſung by thee, and not abus'd before,
Who wiſer far than me with juſt diſdain
Might read thy ſlander, and his wrath contain?
Ah! weel, right weel, he kens thy vile lampoon,
Yet aye contemns thy jibes,----thou canker'd loon,
Kind Scots! to whom thy heartieſt thanks be given,
For ſuff'ring thee to crawl 'twixt earth and heav'n.---
*Haſt thou ſo ſoon forgot thy fav'rite themes,
Thoſe gallant youths who drink ſweet Liffy's ſtreams?
They,

* Vid. Bath Conteſt, and other productions of this author.

They, generous ſouls, compaſſionate thy pains,
And oft' in pity to thy labouring ſtrains,
Would fain the midwife's kind aſſiſtance uſe
To ſpeed the produce of thy ſtruggling muſe,
Obſtetricate as Vulcan did for Jove,
When in his head the infant Pallas ſtrove,
And freely lend a hatchet or a cane
To eaſe the torments of thy coſtive brain;
On me at length muſt thou diſgorge thy ſpleen,
Who ne'er but once thy miſcreant face have ſeen?
On me invoke thy peſtilential muſe
To breathe ſuch pois'nous vapours in the news?
Then like ſome dark ill-omen'd bird of night
Wing to the conſcious ſhade thy hateful flight?
Yet tremble whereſoe'er thou ſcreen'ſt thine head,
Whether to *Don Saltero's thou art fled
On ſcraps of hungry politicians fed

Or

* Coffee-houſe at Chelſea.

Or at the *Chapter wait'ſt ſome printer's call
Lurching around the regions of St. Paul,
Or rather doſt thou ſkulk in that fam'd ſtreet
Where captive bards oft' tune their ditties ſweet
To liberty, within the precincts of the Fleet;
There to reward thy daily lyes art call'd in
To eat the cruſts of charitable Baldwin,
Anſwer to CÆSAR, REGULUS, or TOBY,
Or any other name CANINE you go by:
TAKE HEED-----tho' ev'ry darkſome fiend of night
Defend thee from the ken of mortal ſight,
Tho' cellar, or tho' garret hide thy ſhame,
Tho' war with me each ſcrib'ling dunce proclaim,
Dæmons! that erſt had made my nature ſhrink,
†Memnonian tribes, black fuſileers of ink

Couch'd

* Coffee-houſe at St. Paul's Church-yard.
† Nigri Memnonis Arma. Virg. Æn. Lib. I. Hom. Odyſſ. II.

Couch'd in poetic corner all conſpire
At me their crackers, and their ſquibs to fire,
Tho' friends, as dear to me as life, agree
'Tis *baſe*, to grapple with a foe like thee,
By heav'ns I'll drag thee forth; as erſt the ſon
Of Jove, from Pluto's ſelf his trophies won,
What time Euryſtheus by fell Juno's ire
Compell'd the godlike hero to aſpire
To deeds of matchleſs fame; he undiſmay'd
Pierc'd through the realms of everlaſting ſhade,
Th' infernal king's prerogative to quell,
And drag the triple-headed thief from hell;
Him watchful e'en in ſlumbers at the door
Liſt'ning th' arch-hell-hound heard, and ſtraight with roar
Inſufferable, ſhook the gates of Dis,
And made Styx ſhudder thro' it's deep abyſs;

Nathleſs (like him the ſkilful artiſt's hand
*Has giv'n depicted in the front to ſtand,)
Calm and ſerene amid the ſcorching flame,
The hero tug'd,---and out the monſter came;
Conquering he ſmil'd, and lo! th' accurſed race
Of ſnakes, that erſt in life were ſcribblers baſe,
Dropt fangleſs at his feet; in foul abode
Trembling aloof th' affrighted Harpeys ſtood,
Baſe fiends! which all mythologiſts agree
Were printers once, and kept ſuch dogs as thee.---
Out to the realms of light---I'll ſpeak thy name——
Thou dy'ſt a victim to my injur'd fame——
Heav'ns!---when I point my vengeance at his heart,——
Soft mercy pleads---and checks my trembling dart;
Oh! what can hold ſuch conflict in the mind,
As generous pity, with reſentment join'd!

Muſt

* Vide frontiſpiece.

Muſt then, alas! my injur'd *genius ſleep*,
*And, I, like helpleſs child, ſit down and *weep?*
Oh no! behold ſhe comes with ſmiling air
The goddeſs comes, the ſweet Thalia's there;
And " ah! what tumult's this, for ſhame," ſhe cries,
" Laugh at his inſolence, his wrath deſpiſe;
" What if at thee, with critic malice ſtung,
" He darts the venom of his canker'd tongue,
" Heed not his taunts, while Bath's bright nymphs and [ſwains
" Dwell on the numbers of your harmleſs ſtrains:
" While Clare, the fav'rite of our tuneful choir,
" Liſtens the jingling of your mirthful lyre,
" While virtuous Leeds approves your †midnight oyl,
" And York's great prelate condeſcends to ſmile.---

AUTHOR.

* Inultus ut flebo puer. Horat. Epod.
† An expreſſion in the ſtanzas which the prieſt found great fault with.

A U T H O R.

Oh! may gay health, that floats on Zephyr wing
With Moyſey's art, and Bath's ſalubrious ſpring,
Give him with joy his croſier long to hold,----
And drive ſuch vermine from the ſacred fold.----

T H A L I A.

Can then ſuch anger in thy boſom riſe
If this poor ſon of Ariſtarchus tries
His critic rod, thine errors to chaſtiſe?

A U T H O R.

Think not ſweet ruler of the comic page,
The critic's cenſure can provoke my rage;
Errors from frailty ſprung, or ſmall neglect
Judicious critics pardon and correct,

Nor

Nor let the bard the friendly hand accuſe
That curbs the ſallies of his wand'ring muſe;
If e'er he chance to ſlumber o'er his theme,
The critic rod may rouſe him from his dream,
Nor ſhould he wake diſpleas'd, or cenſure thoſe
Who for his welfare baniſh his repoſe:
If ought unworthy of the bard appear,
Unfit for you, or Phœbus' ſelf to hear,
Too mean the ſubject in his verſe to ſhine
(As is perhaps this groveling prieſt in mine;)
Let him with patience to the rod ſubmit,
And unrepining bear the critic wit.

But is this ſophiſter, this cynic baſe,
This laſt worſt remnant of the Bavian race,
All unprovok'd, my conduct to reprove,
Teach me, as he directs, to *ſleep* or move?

Tir'd with the toils my anxious life ſuſtains
For their dear ſakes, who claim my conſtant pains,
And ſtill ſhall claim what yet of life remains:
Muſt I beg leave of him (who ſtrives, I deem,
In vain to rob me of their fond eſteem)
To tell with thee my inoffenſive tale,
And pluck one flowret in th' Aonian vale,
One hour at *whiſt* or *billiards* to beguile,
And aſk of him the privilege to ſmile?
Of HIM, whoſe callous miſanthropic heart
Ne'er felt the joys which ſocial ſmiles impart,
Smiles, that delight to dwell in converſe ſweet,
And live with decency, and jeſt diſcreet,
Where mutual foibles, ſlightly touch'd, give birth
To friendly conteſt, and well-temper'd mirth;

But

But ever-pining hate, that hideous peſt,
Diſtreſſing all, and by itſelf diſtreſt,
Stands haggard in his ghaſtly looks confeſt:
With horſe-ſhoe mouth, and unrelenting jaws,
Which never ſmil'd, but at th' unrighteous cauſe,
Of others ſorrow, or his own applauſe!
Heav'ns! if he ranks me 'mong the gambling crew,
The baſtinado ſhall his wrath ſubdue,
Which from an injur'd and a valiant CHIEL,*
His bones ſo lately were condemn'd to feel.

THALIA.

Not all the falſehood envy's ſelf can feign
Should give th' unconſcious mind one moment's pain.

Reſtrain

* Infandum, regina, jubes, renovare dolorem. Vid. Pub. Adv.

Reſtrain thine anger——to the ſland'rer's ſcorn
Contempt and pity are the beſt return:
Silence to ſuch more torment can impart,
More fatal prove than ſatire's keeneſt dart;
Had not he found ſome object to revile,
This foulmouth'd prieſt had periſh'd in his bile,
*Hooper had hir'd ſome mongrel in his ſtead,
And Baldwin bilk'd him of his daily bread,
Hunger to death, in pity to mankind,
His dev'l-deſerted carcaſe had conſign'd.

Think not, I patroniſe the impious lay
Which baſe aſſaſſins in the dark convey;
The wretch who ſeeks to aggrandize his name
Built on the ruins of another's fame,
Shall find no friend among the virtuous nine,
Or claim protection at their ſacred ſhrine.

Come

* A Bath printer, of whom honourable mention will be made hereafter.

Come--- ſince this ſcribbler's calumny and lies
(Which ſtill, perhaps, 'twere better to deſpiſe)
May circulate 'mongſt thoſe who know thee not
I'll give thee leave ———————

AUTHOR.

To take the worthleſs ſot
Dear goddeſs now, and flay him on the ſpot.

THALIA.

'Twere better, firſt, a vomit to promote,
And cram his own d----d verſes down his throat,
For oft' the nonſenſe which from verſe diſtils
Creates a qualm like oxymel of ſquills;
Which makes it ſtrange that learned men ſhould chooſe
To work ſo much in critical reviews;

*Unwholeſome trade! what poiſon can be worſe
Than vile effluvia of unmeaning verſe?
But when in flat inſipid ſtrains you find
An acid quality with dulneſs join'd,
They're worſe than cyder-lees with lead refind;
Which many a blundering and malicious elf,
Prepares for others, but muſt drink himſelf:
Such be his fate; do thou in rhyme jocoſe
Retort his bane; 'till many a potent doſe
O'erpow'r his breath; and to the world make known
His ſcorpion death, from poiſon all his own:
Then lay your patient dead upon the floor,
As ſkilful doctors oft' have done before;
Exert the whole anatomizing art,
I'll play myſelf th' aſſiſtant ſurgeon's part.

AUTHOR.

* Vid. Rammazini Diatrib. de morbis Artificum, caput ultimum—

A U T H O R.

*O come then from thine awful courts above
Dread offspring of neceſſity and Jove,
Immortal Nemeſis; thy pow'r divine
Nations revere, and tremble at thy ſhrine;
Thy brazen arm the culprit ne'er forſakes,
Thy foot with ſlow, yet certain pace o'ertakes:
Thou who to me ſo lately didſt convey
The unſought faſces of the ſheriff ſway,
Prefer'd by men of virtue, worth, and ſenſe
To ſerve my country——at my own expence,——
Once more to me a ſheriff's right conſign,
To claim the carcaſe of this foul divine:
Nor grant the wretch that benefit to know
Which antient laws on learned clerks beſtow;

Such

* Euripd. Phœn.

Such benefit for thoſe was ne'er decreed
Who ſtill muſt ſcribble, tho' they ſcarce can read.——
Come, goddeſs, come, thy horrid rites begin,
Tear off at once his caſſock and his ſkin,
And grant to me, ſans pity or remorſe,
Freely to deſcant on his mangled corſe:

And, O ye nine! your inſtruments prepare,
Some to cut up, and ſome, with ſolemn air,
To breathe wild notes of horror and deſpair,
Such as reſounded on the Thracian plains
To *Thamyris, and mock'd his heart-felt pains,
When by your potent harmony ſubdu'd
Him with juſt anger all your choir purſu'd,
Pierc'd with your quills the organs of his ſight,
And ſunk their orbs in everduring night:

Nor

* Hom. Ili. 2d.

Nor ſhalt thou not be there, great god of ſong,
Hear and redreſs one injur'd poet's wrong,
Come, but with look indignant and ſevere,
Such as in horrid picture you appear,
Biting thy lips, thy hands beſmear'd with gore,
*As when thou ſtood'ſt upon the Phrygian ſhore,
Tearing the ſkin o'er Marſya's bleeding ears——
The trembling ſatyrs round confeſs their fears——
Ah! Phœbus, ah! he cries, my ſcrannel pipe
Deſerv'd not this——confound that curſed gripe---
Oh! I repent my baſe infernal lies,——
'Tis all too late, the angry god replies.
To envious bards let Marſya's fate be known,——
Cyllene's hollow rocks rebellow to his moan.

11. 7. 49

End of the Firſt Canto.

K

* Ov. Met. Lib. vi.

With all convenient Speed will be publiſhed,

THE

SECOND CANTO,

CONTAINING THE

POETICAL BODY of the PRIEST,

AND LIKEWISE THE

DISSECTION.

In the mean time the author begs leave to preſent his readers with a little proſaick offspring, belonging to this malefactor, which, died in the St. James's Chronicle, March 16, 1774. This little miſcreant was brought into the world by Mr. Henry Baldwin of the Britannia printing-office in Fleet-ſtreet; which after it had abuſed many friends of the author, proceeded to revile him in the following manner:

——One of our Bath Bards, who was allow'd to be a tolerable rhymer, though no poet, has alas! once more attempted to commit ſuicide in the river Avon, for he ſome time ſince plunged his muſe in the mud about a cabbage garden, and now, *damn'd with the love of fame*, has thrown himſelf in a ſecond time, and has had a very narrow eſcape, for he is whelmed in the majeſty of mud, and juſt expiring. His muſe's *winding ſheet* is bauled through the ſtreets for *one penny*, and *the great Guide of Bath* now with Milton's drowned Lycidas *floats on his watery bier*, never to riſe again in the eſteem of the learned, who find his genius was ſhort-liv'd, and never ordained to gain the ſublime heights of Parnaſſus; but only to *gambol* at the foot with Buckhorſe and Blunderhead.

Your's, &c.

CÆSAR.

To Mr. HENRY BALDWIN,

At the BRITANNIA PRINTING-OFFICE,
FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

SIR,

THE favour of your company is desired to meet Messrs. KEENE and HOOPER, two BATH devils, (who attended the deceased divine, during his late illness) in order to join a chorus of infernals, which will be introduced in the second canto, after the manner of the Greeks, previous to the dissection.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your much obliged,

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

CRESCENT, BATH,
MAY 23, 1774.

The AUTHOR.

11 7 49

TO MR. [illegible]

At the BRITANNIA PRINTING-[illegible]
FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

SIR,

THE favour of your company is desired to meet Mellis. KEENE and HOOPER, two [illegible] devils, (who attended the deceased divine, during his late illness) in order to join a chorus of imprecations, which will be introduced in the second canto, after the manner of the Greeks, previous to the dilledion.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your much obliged,

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

CRESCENT, BATH,
May 29, 1774.